THE FOOLISH POET PRESS LTD.

WILMSLOW

PART 3

THE ORPHEUS POEMS - SERIES 03

Published by The Foolish Poet Press Ltd at 96 Knutsford Road, Wilmslow, Cheshire, SK9 6JD. Printed at The Foolish Press.

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2023

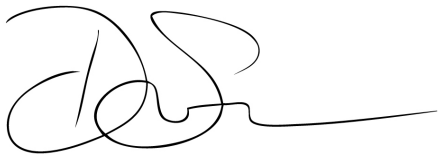
ETERNAL SONGS FROM MEMORY

DAVID SCANLON

POETRY

"Remain unbiased and curious to know what is universally and eternally true: with the necessary changes having being made you will know the tears of things and that love is the essence of life."

David Scanlon



"I do not hope for anything, I no longer fear anything, I was remade by the mind and by heart, I have ascended higher, I am free. I wanted nothing more. I sought only freedom."

Nikos Kazantzakis

Limited Print Run. This is:

No. ____

ETERNAL SONGS FROM MEMORY

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ALSO AVAILABLE IN

David Scanlon (2022) The Orpheus Poems. Foolish Poet Press; Wilmslow.

INSPIRING WORDS OF OTHERS

Booklist of Inspiring words that inspired more words (2022) - Open Library

Rudyard Kipling (1910) (Poem 43 - Poem - If), Conrad Aiken (1966) (Poem 44 - Poem - Preludes for Memnon), T.S. Eliot (1942) (Poem 45 - Poem - Verse III in Little Gidding), Iris Murdoch (Unknown) (Poem 46 - Words - “The conspicuous honesty of mind requires constantly nurturing habits; Moving beyond the chains. Truth, consciousness and integrity; Knowing what can not be known.” Iris Murdoch - Obituary George Orwell (Cannot locate source - A Fragment in a Notebook), Kahlil Gibran (1923) (Poem 47 - Poem - The Coming of the Ship), Ralph Waldo Emerson (1841) (Poem 48 - Words - “These novels will give way, by and by, to diaries or autobiographies—captivating books, if only a man knew how to choose among what he calls his experiences that which is really his experience, and how to record truth truly.” From Emerson’s Journal. Quote used to open Arthur Miller (1961) Tropic of Cancer.), A.E. (George William Russell) (1894) (Poem 49 - Poem - Destiny), J.B. Priestley (1960) (Poem 50 - Words -“reinforcing Nietzsche.. true reality is endless becoming, an unceasing flow and flux, that can be perceived and understood only by intuition, and not the inferior function of the intellect….”), Thomas Common (1910) (Poem 51 - Poem - Preface), Irvin D. Yalom (2010) (Poem 51 - Words - “No!” Nietzsche was vehement . “I teach that life should never be modified, or squelched, because of the promise of some other kind of life in the future..), Friedrich Nietzsche (1882) (Poem 51 - Words - 108 New Struggles), Wilfred Wilson Gibson (1920)) (Poem 52 - Poem - Houses), David Scanlon (2018) (Poem 53 - Poem - THE WAY IT IS: OUR VOCATION), Perla Battalla [Leonard Cohen] (2006 [1968]) (Poem 54 - Song - Bird on a Wire), Khalil Gibran (1961) (Poem 55 - Poem - The Tear and A Smile), Julia Reeve Wood (1926) (Poem 57 - Poem - The words of “The Invisible” from Bestowal - A Dramatic Poem), Friedrich Nietzsche (1886) (Poem 58 - Poem - High Mountains - A final-song), Octavio Paz (1961) (Poem 59 - Words - The Dialectic of Solitude), Helena Wanda Blazusiakówna (1944) (Poem 59 - Prayer - “Oh, mother, no tears, no. Most pure Heavenly Queen. You are here with me”), A.E. (George William Russell) (1904) (Poem 60 - Poem - The Silence of Love), Nick Cave and the Bad Seeds (2001) (Poem 60 - Song - Love Letter), Anton Buttigieg (1949) (Poem 61 - Poem- Fanali bil-Lejl), Robert Bridges (1899) (Poem 62 - Poem - Book II), Jane Kenyon (2007) (Poem 63 - Poem - The Evening Sun), Aldous Huxley (1963) (Poem 63 - Words - “It’s dark because you are trying too hard. Lightly child, lightly. Learn to do everything lightly. Yes, feel lightly even though you’re feeling deeply. Just lightly let things happen and lightly cope with them.” In Island)

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2023

Also By The Same Author

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Poetry For Business: Continuing Conversations
Speak Of Love: Continuing Conversations
Love Will Set You Free
The Poetry Of Life: Seeing Again
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Locked Down With Loves Freedom
The Ariel Poems - An Echo
35 Poems
Songs Of Life
Eternal Songs From Memory
Homeward-bound: Songs Along The Way
Unbounded Love

Translations By the Same Author

Poems Of Alberto Caeiro (Volume 1) - Fernando Pessoa
Poems Of Alberto Caeiro (Volume 2) - Fernando Pessoa
The Keeper of Flocks - Alberto Caeiro
Neehar - Mahadevi Varma (with Parul Singhal)
Collected Poems - New Translations
DUINO ELEGIES - Rainer Marie RilKE
Asceticism - Nikos Kazantzakis

Playlist for Poems (2022) Songs selected for the poems. A playlist inspired and for poetry. Art - Hilma Af Klint (1907) The Ten Largest. Adulthood No. 5 Group IV. The Paintings for The Temple.

THE LIGHTNESS OF CIRCLES

Yes, in our circle of life we are but the focus,
yet it is the radius of Family and Friendships
that makes us spin within our true emotions...
The cycles of our days, start and end,
The cycles of our life, start and end,
Loving moments shared are eternal!

Where is your focus, as your life circles?
Is it within the love and directness of care
which, sometimes, hurts - as truth can…
The emotions of being, start and end,
The emotions of life, start and end,
Loving moments shared are eternal!

Yes, in our circles of life, when love is our focus,
we go beyond the perimeter of those who care,
those that help the cycles spin with emotion…
The cycles of her days, start without end,
The cycles of her love, start without end,
After all circles have no beginnings nor ends....!

Eternal Songs From Memory

The Orpheus Poems

David Scanlon

The Foolish Poet Press

First published in 2023 by The Foolish Poet Press Ltd,
96 Knutsford Road, Wilmslow, Cheshire, SK9 6JD

www.foolishpoet.com

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MELODIC SYLLABLES

A melodic sound of syllables awakes my free spirit,
the dance of these pearls is present, eternal motion,
a return of our human dreams, in this sleepless love:
Where the eternal throng is dauntless;
A natural way beyond human words -
Where poets continue to find words.

The words found never satisfy, in the eternal motion,
as freedom is to move and is always in the movement,
within and beyond our dreams, in our sleepless love:
Where our humane beauty is dauntless;
In our natural ways, our human words -
Where humanity continues to find love.

To be never satisfied and yet content and free,
requires that we dance in the present, always moved,
And return to our human dreams, in her sleepless love:
Where humanities throng is dauntless;
It is our natural way, human words of love -
Where humanity continues to find hope.

STEAL THE RIGHT TO LIVE

As each new day dawns life is renewed,
In an awakening to all the possibilities of,
To all the unreconciled dreams of:
    All that the poets and priests say;
    All that the philosophical dreamers say.
    Live as musicians and artists of love.

As the new days realities take grip again,
There is dying of all the possibilities in,
Of all the unreconciled dreams in:
    All that the liars and cheats say;
    All that the pragmatic politicians say.
    Live as poets and priests of love.

We must steal our right to live, renewed,
And then awaken all of the possibilities of,
All of the fully realisable dreams of:
    All that the normal and unusual say;
    All that the citizen-making dreams say.
    Live as people, not animals, with love.

"If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,
Or being hated, don't give way to hating,
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise:
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
If all men count with you, but none too much;"

THANK YOU FOR YOUR LOVING SMILES

What do you see in the words and the images,
In the loving smiles and the kindness of thanks?
What do you find in your heart, when words come?
What is your purpose, in your response?
What meaning is made? A collective wisdom?
The wisdom of crowds, baying and barking!

What I feel in the simple words and images
Is the loving smiles and the kindness of thanks.
What I find in my touched heart, are these words.
What is my purpose, in this, my response?
What meaning is made? A collective wisdom?
The wisdom of her love, praying and singing!

Why do we see, what we see, in words and images
Which share only loving smiles and kind words?
Why do we find in our heads, the desire to speak so?
What is our purpose, in our response?
What meaning is made? A collective wisdom?
The wisdom of crowds, hating and loving!

SIMPLE FRIENDLY WAYS

I have never done this before, maybe!
Being inspired in the moment, from life,
In the virtual world - friendly banter
Driving a poetic reflection - time,
Images of moments, friendly time,
Moments shared in simple ways…

Simple words, with simple images, maybe…
A moment shared with friends, carries life,
From the real world - friendly banter
Creating a reflective poem - time,
From images of moments, friends
In their moments sharing simple ways…

Family ways, where we are all born, maybe..
Inspired by the joys in moments, from life,
Now in this virtual world - friendly banter
Created from a poetic smile, in my time,
From images of moments, friends time,
A moment shared in this simple way!

LEAVE HATE IN THE PAST

In the noiseless presence of our being,
The perceptibly unknowable present is
Where the flowers edge toward scent;
I have found the momentous
In the mementoes of time past,
Time future and time eternal.

Lamenting is for those who need to grieve,
Not celebrate, in the departing moments,
Where the leaf browns towards decay;
I have found the melancholy,
In the mysteries of human time,
Human action and human words.

As love is live-giving, in beauty and truth,
So is it's death in our ugliness and hate,
Which the leaves and flowers live without;
In my sorrowful song is her love,
I leave my hate in times past,
For in time present is eternity.

AND YET….

The distortions of the mirror, cracked,
Cries of the soul who cannot quite see,
What moment is before us, you and me:
Is this the way we see ourselves,
Reflected through, between spaces,
Never quite fully grasped, and yet…

And yet, there is a glint, with joy packed,
Singing for souls who cannot quite see,
This moment now before us, you and me:
This is how I now see ourselves,
Reflecting through, within the spaces,
Never quite grasped in words, and yet…

And yet, there is eternity, in love hacked,
When two souls meet and together see,
What moment is before us, you and me:
This is how we parted ourselves,
Reflected from the between spaces,
Never quite full grasped and yet….

LIBERATION

Do we live in a world where,
Everyone feels voicelessness,
A sense of isolation from;
The dreams of others;
The dreams within;
The reality of it all?

Do we live in a world where,
Few feel the noiselessness,
A joy from isolation where;
Sings eternal dreams ;
Lives moving dreams;
The reality of it all?

I now live in a world where,
From noiselessness is a voice,
A liberating presence from;
The dreams of others;
The dreams within;
The reality of love.

LET OUR WORDS

Let our words and each breath bring peace,
Let our actions hold each breath dear, until…
Until we can find in our heart the love, the
Love of another, our eternal obligation,
Our abiding humanity, hidden, and yet,
Always present even when we find in us…

In us, that our words, and each breath brings hate,
In us, our actions are separated from breath, until…
Until we can find in our heart the love, the
Love for each other, our eternal obligation,
Our abundant humanity, hidden, and yet,
Always present when we let our words…

Let our words and each moment bring joy,
Let our actions embrace each moment, until…
Until we can find in our heart the love, the
Love for all of us, our eternal obligation,
Our abiding humility, hidden, and yet,
Always present when we find love.

CAN WE TRULY KNOW

One day the invisible took hold,
She welcomed me within her fold:
Beauty and love did then unfold.
I cannot say what happened,
That day, when mystery spoke,
I just know I can never know.

Letting go of the ways which hold,
Is so difficult for me, as I unfold,
Welcoming the many into my fold.
I cannot find words to share,
This day, when mystery speaks,
I just know, that I now know.

I stop, encased within your hold,
As you welcome me within your fold:
Beauty and love then just unfold.
I try to find words to share,
Today, the mystery gives voice,
Yet I know I can never truly know.

FAITH-FILLED COURAGE

The conspicuous honesty of mind
Requires constantly nurturing habits;
A movement beyond the chains.
For to be seen beyond us all,
Yet to live within all our ways,
Requires a different courage.

An accepting honesty of reality
Requires constant reflecting habits;
A movement from within the self.
For to exist beyond us all,
Yet to live within our ways,
Requires a different courage.

The conspicuous integrity of souls
Requires constant un-reflected habits;
A movement that cannot be known.
For to be free and love all,
Yet to live within our ways,
Requires a different faith.

Truth, consciousness and integrity;
Is to trust in what can not be known.

TIDES-TIME

Upon Blakeney Point I make this point,
With sea-winds and gull's a-shantying,
Crying and slaying "the tides a-coming":
There is a tide coming, times-tide,
Moving in only one direction, winds
Lamenting cries gently moving us.

Now the gentle hum of "Just 17", readying
Heading out to to find the winds, crewed,
Sails a-ready saying "the tide is right";
When is the time right? tides-times
Move with the moons motions, winds
Caressing touch gently moving us.

The travellers come for Bishops Boats,
To see the seals just beyond the Point,
Basking and waiting "Tourists a-coming";
Is this life just tides-time? Tourist-time,
Moving us together in one direction, winds
Wishful ways gently moving us on.

EVER ELUSIVE

What is science but the rational,
Reproducible art of the imagination,
Which remains apart in abstraction:
Scientists remain, passion filled,
Curious in intent, hungry for truth,
Which remains, often, ever elusive.

What is art but the irrational,
Reproducible science of imagination,
Which remains eternal in beauty:
Artists remain, passion filled,
Curious os in intent, hungry for truth,
Which remains, often, ever elusive.

We are all the artists and scientists of truth,
Rational and irrational makers of imagination,
Who remain real, within all our abstractions:
Science remains, passion free,
Curious - no intent, hungry - no truth,
When without the artists voice of love.

TODAY - A NEW DAY

In our human journey between
a tear and a smile, my hand
in your hand
and my smile
in both of us.
I smile today,

In my flowing joy of being true,
and here and now, naturally you,
naturally me,
hearing you,
may it - for us
be today -

a humble humanity - me and thee!
A tear and a smile, my hand
in your hand
let our smile
be both of us.
Be love today!

TRUTHFUL TRANSITIONS

What worlds beyond, divine and divining,
Enrich you, each day, in everyday transitions;
Transmitting, all of your truthful omissions,
Illuminating the steps along the way,
So, as you, looking backwards see,
The distance travelled in darkness?

What joys are beyond, divine and dividing,
Separating me, each day, in everyday omissions;
Transmuting, all of my truthful transmissions,
Illuminating the steps along the way,
So, as I, moving forward in her, see,
The travelling-movement of light?

What words of belief, divine and divining,
Enrich you, each day, in everyday omissions;
Transmitting, all of your truthful transitions,
Illuminating the steps along the way,
So, that you, moving forwards can see,
The distance to travel to the light?

DESTINY: IN THEIR HANDS

O what sorry fools are we,
That make such of our destiny,
When so few ever agree!
    Are we in the hands of a few,
    Those elite ones who,
    Are wise and knew?

O what sorry fools are we,
Making nothing of our destiny,
Leaving it with those who agree!
    I am in the hands of a few,
    Am I an elite one too, who,
    Is wise and once knew?

O what sorry fools are we,
Accepting futures, our destiny,
When so few ever agree!
    Are we in the hands of a few,
    Those elite ones who,
    Are wise and knew?

MAKING UP

In what ways do we see, and sing,
Reaching out beyond everything
To find words of beauty to bring:
    Joy into the hearts of friends;
    A remembrance, as truth bends,
    Service as a way to be free?

Oh, like birds on wires, we sing,
Finding her beauty in everything
Reaching love beyond, to bring:
    Love from the hearts of friends;
    A remembering, as truth lends
    Me, in poetry, a way to be free.

In this way, I swear, as I now sing,
Of love, seen in almost everything,
That in words of beauty I will bring:
    Joy into the hearts of friends;
    A forgiveness of all truths bent,
    So that I can make up to thee.

A TAPESTRY OF COLOUR

We weave our tapestry of words,
They surround us and colour our lives
With an endless richness and hue:
Dusky greens in darkened fields;
Amber within the portentous blues
Enlightens, enchantingly enhancing

The moments; as we weave our words
The togetherness of us colours my life
With an unending presence, always new:
Sharpened features of you emerge;
Dark centered eyes of deep blue
Enchant, enlightening our embrace.

I now embrace each moment, weaving,
Together, the many colours of our lives
Form her endless, eternal, majestic hue:
Bounteous lands from browny beige;
Rose-red reveals the fringes formed
Enhancing, enlightening, our escape!

PRESENT IN MOMENTS

What can we achieve in our groups,
Fighting, belittling, speaking of power,
Overthrowing those we are against
With voices of hate? what do we achieve?
We justify, we acclaim, yet remain victims?
Never free in the presence of our moment.

What wisdom is there in our groups about,
Loving, becoming, being within one power,
Overthrowing those demons within us
As groups do not love, in what they achieve?
Groups justify, acclaim, to make victims!
We are never free, within the power of groups.

What we can achieve in our groups is,
Respect, enriching, speaking without power
Overwhelming those we are against,
With voices of love. What do we achieve?
We joyously acclaim, I am not a victim!
I'm eternally free when present in moments.

THE THREE WISDOMS

I was introduced to their muse,
A silent women of our history,
Who awoke three master minds;
With Nietzsche came her healing hand,
With Rilke came her loving, hand made
In a way, for Freud to bring me home!

I wondered the depths of philosophy,
With the silent women yet to come,
Who awakes all the poet masters minds;
With mystery comes her eternal hand,
With love, comes her healing; words made
In a way, for poetry to bring me home!

I wondered the depths of psychotherapy,
With the silent women yet to come,
Not yet awake in the science masters minds;
Within his rational eternal hand I was,
Loveless, without healing; words forming
On the way, in the depths, before coming home!

I was introduced to her, my muse,
The silent women of eternal history
Who awoke, three times, this poets heart;
With Nietzsche came a guiding hand,
With Rilke and her love, a healing hand
And a way, with Jung, to bring me home!

FRIENDSHIPS LOVING SMILES

To love, without the inhibitions of us,
Is to be human, to be humane, to give;
To give all of us, to give for all of us.
It is to smile, within darkened skies;
It is to be, within our family of smiles -
Love within the loving of all who give.

Being is beyond this, our present presence;
We know of the love from you, in the present;
In giving to us all, you made all of us.
In your smile, within your dark eyes,
It was to be, within a family of smiles;
Loves presence in us, to whom you gave.

To give, without the inhibitions of us,
Is to be humane, to be human, to love;
For to love all of us is to love for all of us.
It is to smile, within lifes celebrations;
It is to be, within our family of smiles -
Love within the loving of all who give.